

THE  
M U F F,

O R,

*One Good Turn deserves Another;*

A

COURT TALE.

Humbly Inscribed to

Madame de *W——lm——n.*

---

By Mr. *W——*.

---

*R.*

Sold by the Bookfellers and Pamphlet-Shops in *London*  
and *Westminster.* 1740.

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By Mrs. W.

LONDON: Printed by W. & A. G. 1740.



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# THE P R E F A C E.

**I**T may be thought unnecessary, to prefix a Preface to the following short Tale; but as that is the Place, where we generally expect to find some Account of the Design of an *Author*, which perhaps might not be altogether so intelligible without; so I have taken the liberty in this to trespass a small matter on the Reader's Patience, in order to satisfy his Curiosity in some Points relating to this *Tale*; which he may be desirous of coming to the knowledge of. The first

*Question*

*Question* he probably will ask is, What could induce my *inscribing* the following *Tale*, upon so mean a *Subject*, to so worthy a *Lady*? to which I *answer*, That as I had been a Witness to several of *Her* generous Actions, it naturally induced me to seek her *Protection* for the following Piece: well knowing, that many of my brother *Authors* have been more indebted to a good Name in their Title-Page, than to any Merit in their Works. And as I have lately observ'd many Pieces to be inscribed to Persons to whom their *Subjects* have no Relation, so I have indulged my self in the same *Liberty* as others; which I hope my *Patronefs* will have the Goodness to excuse, upon considering that I am not so mercenary as to expect any *Gratuity* for a few small Praises; but am always ready to bestow them where I think they are justly due, as far as my small *Ability* will reach.

THERE is another thing that may put my *Reader* to a little trouble; which is, to know whether this *Tale* be not a Fiction, as most other Tales are. I must confess that I was so little apprehensive of this at first, that I had design'd

to



to have called it the *History*, or *Adventures* of the *Muff*; but upon recollecting, its Shortness obliged me give it the Name of a *Tale*. And the Circumstances of it were the common Topic of Discourse in the *Island* where it happen'd: but I have not since my Arrival from thence had leisure to examine, whether there be any mention of it in the Foreign *Gazettes*, *Alamains*, &c.



to have called it the History, or Adventures of  
the Man; but upon recollecting its Shortness  
obliged me give it the Name of a Tale. And  
the Circumstances of it were the common Topic  
of Discourse in the Village where it happened; but  
I have not since my Arrival from thence had  
leisure to examine whether there be any men-  
tion of it in the Foreign Gazette, Almanac,  
&c.







# ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

# READER.

**T**O prevent the putting of any Misconstructions on the following Tale, the Publisher desires its Reader would remark this Line, viz.

—an *Island* which near *Britain* lay;

which must in his Opinion, determine the Scene to have been in Ir--l--d, where there is a Court

B

kept

kept by the L—d Lieu——t, in the Castle of  
D—bl—n, during his Residence there.

*And what farther strengthens this Conjecture  
is, that Ireland has had the Privilege of a Se-  
nate of its own for many Ages; the other Islands  
which lie near Britain being but very small.*







THE  
MUSE,  
A  
COURT TALE.

LET others Muse, in Numbers sing,

The Actions of some *Chief* or *King*;

Bright *Cælia*'s Beauty, or *Love*'s Pow'r,

Fair *Richmond*'s Grot, or *Woodstock*'s Bow'r.

Or if they chuse in *Satyr's* Rage,  
 Let them chastize the vicious Age.  
 But be it mine, in homelier Verse,  
 A simple *Tale* for to rehearse;  
 A *Muff* its Subject, *Venus* grant!  
 That lively Numbers I mayn't want,  
 To tell its Tale, and its Merits,  
 Display the Beauties it inherits;  
 To praise the Virtues of that which  
 Admired is, by Poor and Rich.  
 It's this that makes thy Altars smoke,  
 And pining Lovers thee invoke;  
 It's this which aids thy Sex's Charms,  
 Demands our Love, our Bosoms warms.  
 By this small *Attribute* of thine,  
 E'en moderate Beauties gayly shine;  
 Without it we could not esteem,  
 Thee, though a *Goddeſs*, Beauty's *Queen*.



O \* V-----t; whom we daily bless,  
 For giving some new Happiness  
 To Britons; deign t'accept these Lays,  
 Though of a Muff they're writ in praise;  
 Like that I've seen you often wear,  
 In *Lutheran* Church, at Morning Prayer;  
 Where constant you attend its Hours,  
 Thy Sex' Example, and all--ours.  
 Though you shun all Panegyrick,  
 Permit one Case to show your Merit,  
 When late a † Bigot Priest deny'd  
 A Rite to grant, when you apply'd.  
 Yet you far from retaining ill,  
 Soon after did; through your Good-will,

\* Alias *W-l-n*, a Lady noted for her Piety and constant Attendance of Divine Service.

† Alluding to a certain *Lutheran* Priest's denying the S---m---t to the L---y, which was since given her by a P---te.

\* *Mons. B---*, a Preacher on *Quarter-day* in 1706.

Gain for \* another of the Cloth, whom  
 A Benefice, which might be worth  
 About three hundred Pounds a Year,  
 When all Incumbrances were clear.  
 Thou who such Goodness does display,  
 Permit me at thy Feet to lay  
 This little Tale, it then shall shine,  
 Not from any Desert of mine;  
 Methinks you smile, and I prevail,  
 And now begin to tell my Tale.

ON the Continent, near the Land,  
 Where German Emp'ror does command,  
 There dwelt a Man, of some small Fame;  
 I think *Cornutus* was his Name;

He Master was of an Estate,

A Mean betwixt a small and great:

Of

\* Monf. B—f—t, a Preacher *en Quartier des Grecs*, in-Soho.



Of middle Age, whose Happiness  
 Lay in a *Muff* he did possess:  
 So beauteous, it might well beseem  
 To be the Pride of *King* or *Queen*.  
 'Twas this little *precious Toy*,  
 That chear'd his Heart and gave him Joy;  
 Sooth'd his Cares whene'er they arose,  
 And lull'd him into soft Repose.  
 It many Years had kept him warm,  
 Therein enwrap't, and free from Harm.  
 How wretched's *Man*, not in his Pow'r  
 To command Content a single Hour:  
 Lo, Business calls, he must away,  
 T' an *Island* which near *Britain* lay:  
 His *Muff* he takes, departs from thence,  
 But little dreamt the Consequence.  
 Now being arriv'd at's Journey's End,  
 Th' Affair on which he did attend,  
 Oblig'd

Oblig'd him daily to resort,  
 And wait its Event at the Court.  
*Cornutus* here had not been long,  
 Before a Courtier 'mongst the Throng,  
 A Man, who there was in great Grace,  
 And in his Gift had many a Place,  
 Espies the Muff, and it admir'd:  
 Became so with its Beauty fir'd,  
 That Day and Night he was in pain,  
 To find some means this Muff to gain.  
 At length, after much projecting  
 Schemes, and Projects, all perplexing,  
 He recollected in the Land,  
 Whence *Cornutus*; he did command  
 A large Estate, which might well vie  
 With any of those that near it lie.  
*Cornutus*, he designs shall be  
 Steward, this Land to oversee,

Oblig'd

Receive



Receive the Rents, and for his Care,  
 A good Salary by the Year;  
 He should have; and House to live in,  
 If these Favours could but move him;  
 For to let this C--t--r have,  
 The Muff, which he so earnest crav'd.  
 Nor knows he which way for to turn:

IT was not long we may be sure  
 When resolv'd this was, before  
 The first Occasion that he takes  
 To *Cornutus* the Proffer makes  
 Addresses him in courtly Stile;  
 Who can't a Courtier's Tongue beguile?  
 But he though at a Court not bred,  
 Oft times before had heard it said,  
 A Courtier will none's Case regard,  
 Unless he's sure of a Reward:

His Eyes being open, saw plain enough,  
 The Bait was laid, to catch his Muff; A  
 He should have; and how to live in

HIS Darling, he was loth to lose,  
 But then this Post he must refuse;  
 These Thoughts distracting, he does baffle,  
 Nor knows he which way for to turn:

IT was not long we may be sure

HE views his Muff,--and thinks--and then  
 The Place,--and now--the Muff again.  
 He with the one was loth to part,  
 To miss the other, touch'd his Heart.  
 The C---t---r being a Man of Pow'r,  
 Oblig'd in this, he might do more;  
 But if refus'd, would likely strive,  
 By Treachery for to deprive  
 Him of 't; when sorely he'd repent,  
 He e'er deny'd him his Consent.



THESE Reasons strong, and Int'rest join'd,  
 (Who could withstand when thus combin'd)  
 O'ercame his Fondness; he does thank,  
 His *Benefactor* for the Grant, and  
 And gave him for to understand,  
 Himself or his, he might command.

THE *C---t---* smiles, at Heart was glad,  
 And tells him that a *Muff* he had,  
 On which long since he'd set his Heart,  
 Begg to a *Friend* he'd with it part.  
*Cornutus* with forc'd Joy replies,  
 That or ought else in his pow'r lies:  
 Thus ha'ing exchange'd his *Muff* for *Place*,  
 He Shipping takes and *Home* does haste.

THE *Captain* of his new-got Toy,  
 Grew fonder more he did't enjoy;  
 The longer kept, it still the more  
 Did him delight, and he ador'd  
 And gave him for to understand,

HERE I must let the Reader know,  
 That in this Isle, there long ago,  
 Had been a rig'rous Decree made;  
 Whereby on Foreign *Muffs* was laid,  
 A hard, and heavy Penalty,  
 Unless by Law they were made free.

THE *Captain* was in Years advanc'd,  
 And saw if he should drop by Chance,  
 Though now they wink'd at's *Fav'rite's* Case,  
 Then in th' *Isle* it would find no Place:



Nor could Protection gain from Wrong,  
 When that its Patron once was gone,  
 So fares it oft' with those that wait,  
 And screen themselves beneath the Great,  
 From Courtier who attends a King,  
 To that small four-legged Thing  
 We the Lion's Provider call,  
 A Beast he hunts his Prey withal;  
 Who though he's hated by the rest,  
 Yet him none dare for to molest,  
 Lest that his Master with dire Paws,  
 Should soon revenge his Fav'rite's Cause,  
 But when the Lion is deceas'd,  
 He's then the Scorn of ev'ry Beast,  
 Unpitied; they do him assail,  
 And rend his Limbs, with Tooth and Nail.

Of nitrous Particles in Store;  
 BUT seem'd at once them forth to pour.

Not could Protection gain from Wrong,

BUT to return, ~~the Law~~ <sup>When that its Power once was gone,</sup>

The Consequences of the Law;

'Twas these he studied to prevent,

And on his Muff ~~make~~ <sup>settled</sup> Settlement

To keep it up in after-time

As neat and tight, as in its Prime.

These Thoughts would oftentimes ~~chagrine~~ <sup>be</sup>

And cause in him, Fits of the Spleen.

Yet him none dare for to molest.

'T WAS now some Years had overpass'd,

When came a piercing Winter's Blast,

A Winter such not known before,

For twenty Years, and somewhat more,

The subtil Air which long had been,

A laying up its Magazine;

Of nitrous Particles in Store;

Now seem'd at once them forth to pour.

Immediate



Immediate they seize Man and Beast,  
 Confine the Rivers, rend the Trees:  
 Now, the needy trembling *Poor*,  
 In Shoals attend the rich Man's Door;  
 Praying him to compassionate  
 Their miserable starving State:  
 The feather'd Fry, not us'd to bear  
 Such piercing, sharp, inclement Air,  
 Leave their Abodes in these sad Times,  
 And haste away to southern Climes:  
 The People know not whence they fly,  
 Nor what new Names to call them by.

The *C---t---r* now hugs tight and close;  
 His *Muff*, and with't guards Hands and Nose;  
 Up or a-bed, in-doors or out,  
 His Fav'rite he was ne'er without.

About this Time he straight does send,  
 For one to whom he'd been a Friend;  
 To him, then he communicates,  
 The Fears his darling *Muff* creates,  
 Desires, that being a *S-n-r*,  
 A Bill he straightway would prefer,  
 That so his *Muff* might be made free,  
 Exempt from any Penalty.  
 The *S-n-r* him tells he would,  
 And hastes to make his Promise good:  
 It's very rare that e'er we find,  
 A *Courtier's* Promise for to bind;  
 They're *Goods* design'd as soon as made,  
 For Use to none but of the *Trade*.

SOON after he a *Bill* presents,  
 And moves the *House* for their Consents,



That his Friend's *Muff*, thereby might be;  
 In th' *Isle* naturaliz'd, and free.  
 The Motion made---and he being fate,  
 Thereon arose a long *Debate*,  
 Th' Affair tho' trifling to some Eyes,  
 Yet was not thought so by the Wife;  
 After it had been handled long,  
 With many Speeches, *Pro* and *Con*,  
 A *S---n---r*, who with Applause,  
 Had often spoke in's *Country's* Cause;  
 Arises, and makes his Address,  
 I' the manner I shall now rehearse.  
 " To this *Bill* I can't give assent,  
 " Tho' not for want of *Precedent*:  
 " I rev'rence th' Owner of the *Muff*,  
 " As in this Place I've oft giv'n Proof.  
 " But in this Case oppose him must,  
 " Or to my *Country* be unjust:

- " A *Country*, that's so highly blest!
- " As in fine Muffs t' excell the rest.
- " In all their known *Varieties*,
- " Whether in *Colour*, or in *Size*.
- " Then pray why must we introduce
- " This *Foreign One*? why can't he chuse
- " A *Muff* at home to please his Fancy?
- " We've as good as those beyond Sea,
- " Besides, is this Thing proper time'd?
- " All *Europe* seems to War inclin'd,
- " And we're debating, sure enough,
- " The Enfranchisement--of a *Muff*!
- " Wherefore sincerely I advise,
- " To let the *Bill* rest where it lies!

TO whom replied the *Courtier's* Friend,

" 'Tis with *Submission* I intend

" For



" For to inform you what is due,  
 " In favour of this *Muff* from you.  
 " We all are sensible, my *Friend*,  
 " His *Country's* Good does sure intend;  
 " Has often lent his helping Hand,  
 " When she in need thereof did stand.  
 " It's known to all, that he's in Years,  
 " Which more they grow, the more our Fears!  
 " To lose the Aid, we've had so long,  
 " By whose great *Wisdom* we're so strong.  
 " The late sharp *Winter* gave us pain,  
 " And sure! our *Fears* they were not vain:  
 " Had not this *Muff* him warm'd, and cherish'd,  
 " Amongst many he'd have perish'd.  
 " But when therein that he's *enshrin'd*,  
 " He dares the *Cold*, and braves the *Wind*.  
 " Wherefore, I think it plain does show,  
 " That we some kind Returns do owe.

" And the *minuteſt* Favour we,  
 " Can grant this *Muff*, 's to make it free.  
 " Although this *Iſle* be fam'd for *Muffs*,  
 " Yet I think we've hardly enough,  
 " To guard againſt ſuch bleak *Weather*.  
 " Should we natur'lize a Score together.  
 " Surely we may give Place to one,  
 " Which ſo much Good to us has done.  
 " Why this Time is not as proper,  
 " To do good, when it does offer,  
 " As another? I muſt confeſs.  
 " I am not able for to gueſs.  
 " Though we're oblig'd this *War* to join,  
 " Yet may we not from hence divine,  
 " The *Genius* of our *Iſle*, well pleas'd  
 " With our good Actions, and juſt Deeds;  
 " Doubtleſs, will our Cause befriend,  
 " And Succeſs our Arms attend.



HE sat—it was agreed at last,  
 The *Bill* into a Law should pass;  
 And short time after it obtain'd,  
 The Regal Sign, which having gain'd,  
 Its *Patron* with't appears each Day,  
 At Court, at Ball, Op'ra and Play.

HIS *Muff* which was admir'd before,  
 It now was cried up ten times more.  
 His Flatterers, (for Courtiers too  
 Have them as well as Kings we know,)  
 Shew'd him therein such Beauties lay,  
 Which tho' espied not till that Day;  
 Yet in his Eyes so bright they shone,  
 He now saw thousands where but one,

Could he find out, not long before;

Such is th' Effect of Flattery's Pow'r.

AND now he's busied with intent,

Some new Name for to invent;

*Distinguish'd* that his *Miss* may be,

From others of a low Degree,

Which when accomplish'd, surely next,

The Gods he'll with Intreaties vex;

To change its *Form*, and give it *Life*,

That it may serve him for a *Wife*,

Since oftentimes it has been known,

And *Ovid* long ago has shewn,

They as surprizing Deeds have done,

Which granted he would be at rest,

And think himself compleatly blest.



MY Tale thus told, and Readers want,  
To know what hence, there may be learnt,  
Why--than this I know no other,  
*One Good Turn deserves Another.*

11 7 49

F I N I S



My Tale thus told, and Readers want  
To know what hence, there may be learnt  
Why—than this I knew no other.  
One Good Turn deserves another.

*[Handwritten signature]*

R I V I S

